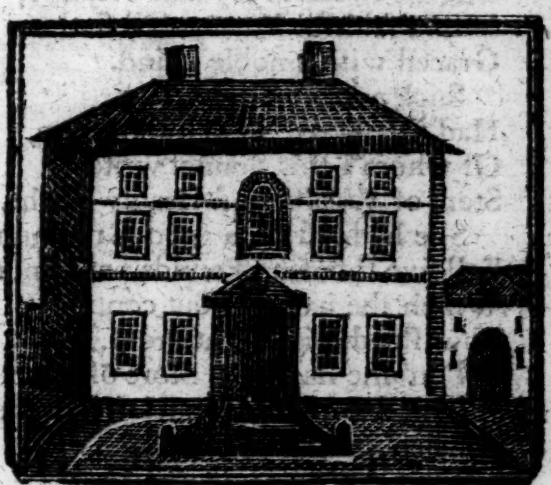
THE

Berkſhire Lady's GARLAND.

To which is added,

The Rambler's Reſolution.



LUDLOW:

Printed and ſold by J. TURNER.

THE Berkſhire Lady's, &c.

BATCHELORS of every Station,
Mark this true and ſtrange Relation
Which in brief to you I bring,
Never was a ſtranger Thing.
You will find it worth your hearing,
Loyal Love is moſt endearing,
When it takes the deepeſt Root,
Yielding Charms and Gold to Boot.
Some will wed for Store of Treaſure,
But the ſweeteſt Joy and Pleaſure,
Is in a faithful Love you'll find,
Graced with a noble Mind.
Such a noble Diſpoſition,
Had this Lady, with Submiſſion,
Of whom I this Sonnet write,
Store of Wealth and Beauty bright.
She had left by a good Grannum,
Full five thouſand Pounds per annum,
Which ſhe had without controul;
Thus ſhe did in Riches roul.
Tho' ſhe had great Store of Riches,
Which ſome People much bewitches,
But ſhe bore a courteous Mind,
Not the leaſt to Pride inclin'd.
Many noble Perſons courted,
This young Lady, 'tis reported,
But their Labour prov'd in vain,
They could not her Favour gain.
Tho' ſhe made ſuch ſtout reſiſtance,
Yet, by Cupid's kind aſſiſtance,

She was conquered after all,
How it was, declare I ſhall.
Being at a noble Wedding,
Near the famous Town of Reading,
A young Gentleman ſhe ſaw,
Who belonged to the Law.
As ſhe view'd his ſweet Behaviour,
Every courteous Carriage gave her,
Freſh Additions to her Grief,
Forc'd was ſhe to ſeek Relief.
Privately ſhe then enquired,
'Bout him ſhe ſo much admired,
Both his Name, and where he dwelt;
Such were the hot Pains ſhe felt.
Then at Night this beauteous Lady,
Call'd her Coach, which being ready,
Homeward ſtraight ſhe did return,
But her Heart in Flames did burn.
Night and Morning, for a Seaſon,
In her Cloſet would ſhe reaſon,
With herſelf, and often ſaid,
Why has Love my Heart betray'd.
I who have ſo many ſlighted,
Now myſelf am well requited,
For my Griefs are not a Few,
Now I find what Love can do.
He that has my Heart in keeping,
Though I for his Sake lie Weeping,
Little knows what Grief I feel,
But I'll try him out with Steel.
For I will a Challenge ſend him,
And appoint where I'll attend him,
In a Grove, without delay,
At the dawning of the Day.
He ſhall not the leaſt diſcover,
That I am a wounded Lover.

By the Challenge which I'll ſend,
But for juſtice I'll contend.
He has cauſed ſad Diſtraction,
And I come for Satisfaction,
Which if he refuſe to give,
One of us ſhall ceaſe to live.
Having thus her Mind revealed,
She a Letter wrote and ſealed,
And when it came to his Hand,
This young Man was at a Stand.
In her Letter ſhe conjur'd him,
For to meet her, or ſhe'd poſt him,
Recompence he muſt afford,
Or diſpute it with the Sword.
Having read this ſtrange Relation,
He was in a Conſternation;
But adviſing with a Friend,
He perſuades him to attend.
Be of Courage and make ready,
Faint Heart never won fair Lady,
In Regard it muſt be ſo,
I along with you will go.
Early on a Summer Morning,
When bright Phœbus was adorning,
Every Bower with his Beams,
This fair Lady came it ſeems.
At the Bottom of a Mountain,
Near a pleaſant chryſtal Fountain,
There ſhe left her guilded Coach,
While the Grove ſhe did approach.
Cover'd with a Maſk and walking,
There ſhe met her Lover, talking
With a Friend whom he had brought,
Straight ſhe aſk'd him whom he ſought.
I am challeng'd by a Gallant,
And reſolv'd to try a Talent,

Who he is I cannot ſay,
But I hope to ſhew him Play.
It was I that did invite you,
Either wed me, or I'll fight you,
Underneath theſe ſpreading Trees,
Therefore chuſe you which you pleaſe.
You ſhall find I do not vapour,
I have brought a truſty Rapier,
Therefore take your Choice, ſaid ſhe,
Either fight or marry me.
Said he, Madam, pray what mean ye,
In my Life I ne'er have ſeen you;
Pray unmaſk, your Viſage ſhow,
Then I'll tell you aye, or no.
I will not my Face diſcover,
Till the Marriage Ties are over;
Therefore now chuſe which you will,
Wed with me or try your Skill.
Step within that pleaſant Bower,
With your Friend one ſingle Hour,
Strive your Thoughts to reconcile,
And I'll wander here the While.
Whilſt this charming Lady waited,
The young Batchelor debated,
What was beſt for to be done,
Quoth his Friend all Hazards run.
If my Judgment may be truſted,
Wed her, Sir, you can't be worſted,
If ſhe's rich you'll riſe to Fame,
If ſhe's poor you are the ſame.
He conſented to be married,
In the Coach they were all carried,
To a Church without delay,
Where he weds this Lady gay.
The ſweet pretty Cupids hover'd,
Round her Eyes, her Face was cover'd,

With a Maſk, he took her thus,
Juſt for better or for worſe.
With a courteous kind Behaviour,
She preſents his Friend a Favour,
And withall diſmiſt him ſtraight,
That he might no longer wait.
As the gilded Coach was ready,
The young Lawyer and his Lady,
Rode together, till they came
To her Houſe with ſtate and fame.
Which appeared like a Caſtle,
Where ſoon he beheld a Parcel
Of young Cedars, tall and ſtraight,
Juſt before the Palace Gate.
Hand in Hand they walk'd together,
To a Hall or Parlour rather,
Which was beautiful and fair;
All alone ſhe left him there.
Two long Hours there he waited
Her Return: at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at laſt,
For he had not broke his Faſt.
Still like one that was amazed,
Round the ſpacious Room he gazed,
Which was richly beautify'd,
But alas! he'd loſt his Bride.
There was peeping, laughing, ſtaring,
All within the Lawyer's hearing,
Yet his Bride he could not ſee;
Would I were at home, thought he.
While his Heart was melancholy,
Said the Steward, both briſk and jolly,
Tell me, Friend, how came you here,
You have ſome Deſign I fear.
He reply'd, dear loving Maſter,
You ſhall meet with no Diſaſter,

Through my Means in any Caſe,
Madam brought me to this Place.
Then the Steward did retire,
Saying that he would enquire,
Whether it was true or no,
Ne'er was Lover hamper'd ſo.
Now the Lady who had fill'd him
With thoſe Fears, full well beheld him,
From a Window where ſhe dreſs'd,
Pleaſed with the pleaſant Jeſt.
When ſhe had herſelf attired,
In rich Robes to be admired,
Like a moving Angel bright,
She appeared in his Sight.
Sir, my Servants have related,
How you have ſome Hours waited
In my Parlour, tell me who
In my Houſe you ever knew?
Madam, if I have offended,
It is more than I inteded:
A young Lady brought me here,
That is true, ſaid ſhe, my Dear.
I can be no longer cruel,
To my Love and only Jewel,
Thou art mine and I am thine,
Hand and Heart I do reſign.
Once I was thy wounded Lover,
Now thoſe Fears are clearly over;
By receiving what I give,
Thou art Lord of all I have.
Beauty, Honour, Love, and Treaſure,
A rich golden Stream of Pleaſure,
With this Lady he enjoys,
Thanks to Cupid's kind Decoys.

The Rambler's Reſolution.

I'LL never go abroad again,
Nor farther will I roam;
For he muſt have a flimſey brain,
That rambles far from home.

CHORUS.

Then nine or ten of Engliſh men,
That run the nation o'er and o'er;
Tho' pert and gay, pray what are they
Much wiſer than before.

Contented here I'll paſs my life,
For roving's but a curſe;
I'll take my country as my wife,
For better or for worſe.
Then nine or ten, &c.

While I can ſee ſuch ſights as theſe,
And ſuch an harveſt bring;
And while I can my betters pleaſe,
For ever will I ſing,

That nine or ten of Engliſh men,
That run the Nation o'er and o'er;
In all mankind they never find,
Such fondneſs as before.

FINIS.